XVIII.

THE LAUREL, A POEM ON THE Poet-Laureat,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

[illegible] sequimur Lauros Te Lauri sponte sequuntur.

LONDON,

[illegible]nted for *Benj. Tooke* at the *Ship* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1685.

Prefatory Remarks.

IT would be but an impertinent ſort of a Preface, *(though not ſo unuſual,) to tell you here of the* Deſign *of the following* Poem, *when any one may ſee for what it is* Deſign'd, *tho that Elaborate ſort of ſuperfluity, has been an* Introduction *to many a* Piece, *and* whole Sheets *ſpent in an* Expoſition *of the* Title Page, *that's* Clear, *and then its Author has nothing now to do, but to* Clear *himſelf.*

If any can Cenſure *it for a* bold Attempt, *wee'll with all our* Heart *own our* Confidence: *But then it ſhall be only* plac't *in him, that has moſt* Reaſon *to* Cenſure, *and that's the* Subject, *who is the moſt* concern'd, *and the* beſt Judg; *and then his* ſeverer Animadverſions *will be ſuperſeded by the* Kindneſs *of the* Oblation: *And a* Kid *can never be* deſpis'd, *only becauſe we could not offer an* Hecatombe: *And leſt his own* Modeſty *may Maſter his* Judgment, *or others* Envy *condemn* mine, *and both make it too much for ſuch a* Subject; *both will be better* pleas'd *too when I tell them it was* Penn'd *(as indeed it was,) only to* Pleaſe *my Self.*

Prefatory Remarks.

The Motive *that inclin'd the* Muſe *to* this undertaking, *was not a determin'd* Flattery, *but a* Chance *of* Fancy, *and ſo far from* Affectation *of* Favour; *'tis a ſordid Scul that turns* Sycophant *out of* Deſign: *Had it aim'd ſo* low, *ſure its* Subject *ſhould have been more* Lofty: *Some* PATRON PEER, *ſome* Perſon Greater, *and perhaps deſerving* Leſs. *Its* Author *is* much *ſatisfyed ſuch a* Theam *has Exercis'd his own* Pen, *and as* little *Sollicitous whether it gratifie any* other *Perſon*: *That which he is concerned for, is, His ever appearing at all like a* Poet, *tho it were in praiſe of the beſt; and what he could have better Expreſt perhaps in a* Panegyrick, *than a* Poem; *there being to that required ſuch a* Smooth *and* Natural Eaſineſs, *not to be acquired by the* Poliſhings *of* Art, *and* Induſtry: Such *a ſort of* Wits *muſt be* happily conceived *ſo in the* Womb: *if ever their* Muſe *will become* Happy *in its* Conceptions: *The* Latin Aphoriſm *tells us truly, (that* they *muſt be* born, *while* others *may be* made:) *and they but unfortunately Glory with the* Great, *to be Fam'd for their* Mothers Labour, *not their* own.

That which put us upon Poetry, *was not to* Chear *up our* Padding Proſe, *with the Comfortable noiſe of Bells, and* Rhyme, *an Excuſe perhaps that can't be well made uſe of where the* Verſe *tires too, and proves but a* Jade: *But if a Body may deal* plainly *in an Age, where 'tis hard to find* plain

plain Dealing: *It was the Effects of ſome ſolitary Retirements, even among the midſt of Company:* Thought *and the* Muſe, *could ſtill affect their* Obſcure *Retreats, where others only the moſt* ſplendid *Appearance, and made a ſhift to* warm *themſelves into* Verſe *upon a* Cold Spring, *and* Epſome Water: *ſo that we won't pretend to ſo much as a* Small Beer Poet, *when inſpir'd only with the* Element *of* John Taylor. *I confeſs I never lov'd much* Strong Drink, *and have read the* Muſes *had a great many* Fountains *too that never ran* Wine: *And were I as well barrell'd as their Popular* Poet, Ogg *himſelf, I ſhould hardly Love to be always as* full *too*; (*tho if his Verſe were to be gaged in his Veſſel 'twould be ſtill found* empty) *Even* then *I ſhould rather chuſe to jog on* Lazily *in Sober Senſe, than take the* Pains *to be Drunk for his* Elaborate *Dulneſs: Well may the Sot,* (*as they ſay*) *Blaſpheme in his* Wit *and* Wine, *when only the* Devils Apollo *Fires him with his* God. *The little Satyr we have ſpent on him, and ſome ſuch Seditious Scriblers, was both ſeaſonable, and pertinent, and proceeded from a double Provocation: Their avowing themſelves Enemies to all* Loyalty, *as well as the* Laureat, *their Libelling of late their own* Sovereign *as well as his* Subjects; *and tho the ſucking* Muſe *is yet Young enough to want Teeth: Yet they may find its* Gumms *too, can make a ſhift to* bite.

That Rural *ſort of Entertainment we met with in the* Coun-

trey

trey, *has in ſome Places made the Fancies* Paſtoral. *The* Eye *being affected with ſuch* External *Objects, as made the like Impreſſion on the Mind* within: *And 'tis an Old Axiome we learnt I remember out of our Schools; That there is nothing in the* Intellect, *but what is firſt repreſented to it by the* Senſe: *Which Maxim in Philoſophy, I am ſure is ſo far Convertible, that whatever the* Senſe *repreſents, muſt at the ſame time be in the* Intellect. *And the* Courſe *Object of the Eye,* refin'd *into Thought and Idæa.*

The Digreſſion at laſt into the praiſe of our David *is ſo far warrantable, as it has ſome Relation to the* Poem. *And ſo its Author can't be altogether ſaid to* Digreſs; *it being but on a* Theam, *which the Subject of* ours *has ſo well handled, it offers only at a little piece of Imitation; and we have the aſſurance of a ſtanding* Maxim, that in Great attempts 'tis ſome Honor to Miſcarry: *But if this won't Apologize, the Penman's hearty Loyalty will make the better Plea. He muſt ſtill remember in all his Works, what he does in his Prayers and Drink, the* King, *and the ſerving up of the beſt Diſh in the Rear is an Argument of* Choice, *not* Error, *and the* end *has a Proverbial Right of* crowning *every Work, which it can be more litterally ſaid to do with a* Crown'd Head.

The Character of Sheba *might be well* purſued, *whom Juſtice has ſo well* overtaken, *and any Satyr againſt the Seditious*

tious, can be never unſeaſonable, *that ſhow themſelves ſo ready to Rebel at all* Seaſons: *though the* Text *does not mention that he was in* Abſolon's *Rebellion, 'tis ſhrewdly to be preſum'd that he was: And as* his *Inſurrection was after the Youths defeat, 'tis to be ſuſpected too that this our* Sheba *might have created our* David *a* ſecond, *and a* worſe *Trouble: I am ſure he Countenances the Character in his end, and* Simile's *are oblig'd by the Rules of Logick to differ, to prevent their being the* ſame; *and ſhould they happen not to be Cotemporaries in the Text, the contrary of which is rather there implyed: Yet* Verſe *need not be* crampt *with* Chronology, *tho it* bind *an* Hiſtorian.

But for thoſe that are ſo tender *as to think it* hardneſs *to the* Dead; *they are only ſuch as are concern'd for his* dying; *Yet they ſure may give us leave to ſide with the Government in a little* Satyr *on their* Hero; *that have invaded it ſo* virulently *for him in a* Libel, *and a* Panegyrick. *And whatever Compaſſion they have for the* Aſhes *of the* Dead, *none ſure is bound to reverence the* Duſt *of a* Traytor.

The

THE LAUREL A POEM.

WITH Fruitleſs Pains, long did the labouring Muſe
Inſpiring Theams, provoking Med'cins uſe,
'Till ſpent at laſt, it knew not what to chuſe.
If ſome fierce Fancy made the fondling aim
To reach a War-like *Heroes* Deathleſs Fame,
Injurious ſtill to its own Noble choice,
A bluſtering Hector ended all in noiſe.
If gentle thoughts of Peace employed the Pen,
To her ſtill dulneſs down ſhe ſunk agen.
Of Love's Divineſt Theam ſometimes 'twas full,
But would expreſs it, moſt divinely Dull.

The young unmanag'd thing was ſtill too fierce,
Or tamely Lagg'd, along, in Lazy Verſe,
Of unfluſht Poets, ſtill the common Fate
In their Raw Rhymes to be unfortunate:
The young unfeathered Things muſt vainly try,
If from their Neſt, they ſee but others fly.
Of all her Vain Eſſays ſhe nought could make,
'Till for her Theam ſhe did thy Praiſes take;
In Vain invok't the Names of all the Nine;
Miſtaken Fool! and never thought on thine:
Some Sparks of Wit, a faint and glimmering Fire,
Would wink and look as if 'twould quite Expire.
She *Dryden* call'd, and at thy ſacred Name,
Streight, the Dull Embers flaſht into a Flame.
Thus the mad Prieſts, with Zealous Error bawl'd,
In Vain their Helpleſs, Drowſie *Baal* call'd,
Big with their God, with Fury, and with Pain,
The tortur'd Wretches like Poor Poets Strain,
And both miſtaken ſtill, and both in Vain;
The Sullen, Senſeleſs Blocks, lay Dull, and Wet,
And lookt as loath to entertain the Heat;
But when the Happier Prophet truly Pray'd,
Invok't Diviner, and more Powerful ayd,
A Vigorous Heat which from kind Heavens came,
The ſmothering Altar Gilt, with Lambent Flame:

Come

Come Tuneful Souls, that would be well Inſpir'd,
And with exalted Fancy truly Fir'd;
Your Female Sovereigns, once the mighty Nine;
But now weak Powers, and not at all Divine,
And can't preſcribe to a Succeſſive Line,
Muſt be depos'd their Government by you,
And Salique Law obtain with Poets too,
His Maſculine Wit for Inſpiration chuſe;
The Muſes Maſter, makes the better Muſe;
Then go, young happy Bards, that near him ſit;
Go, Sing his Praiſe, that reap the Benefit,
His Bounteous Largeſs, of Diffuſive Wit,
Your meaneſt Brother knows ſcarce him, or number yet.
Forgive this bold attempt of Ignorance,
While I relate the happy Work of chance.
I'le tell thee *Damon*, thee dear Friend I'le tell,
What to thy ſtraggling *Strephon* late befel,
How firſt he found of Verſe the beaten Rode,
That led not to our *Pan*, but better God;
Even better far, than what the Citts adore,
When mine they know, they'le Worſhip theirs no more,
Their *Phœbus*, God but of Preſumptive Wit,
His Deitie was no're an Author yet;
I'le tell you how your Shepherds thoughtleſs Breaſt,
With Muſe, and thought Divine was firſt poſſeſt.

You know we long, and that in Vain did play,
Too long alas! we play'd the time away
On *Iſis* Sunny Banks, ſupinely laid,
(O! that my wandring thoughts had ſooner ſtray'd;)
Her fertile Bounty Bleſt like Heavens dew,
And all was water'd that but near her grew;
To me her blaſted Weed, to me alone,
More than a *Gideon*'s Miracle was ſhown,
Our *Engliſh Pindar*'s Fate by mine's out-done,
Mine all the *Laurel* of Misfortune won:
Peace injur'd Duſt, ye Pious Aſhes Peace,
My greater Lot, will make your ſufferings leſs:
For Diſappointments you abroad would Roam,
Propitious Fate! to me ſtill brought it home;
Your Fleece lay dry, but where none e're was wet,
In Courts, among the Wretched, and the Great;
But mine was fairly Curſt, even in the Muſes happy Seat.
Flow on falſe Streams, for ſhould I paſs that way,
And thou the ſame, that caus'd my Fruitleſs ſtay,
At that ungrateful ſight, I needs muſt burn;
But I, no more, than thy paſt Waters ſhall return.
My Faithful Swain, you know the Fatal Hour,
We melting Souls, in parting Tears did pour,
Such Tears, as when the Mournful Night was come,
That *Cæſar*'s Exile left his Native Rome;

Or

Or tho'e the Pious Prince, devoutly ſhed,
When perjur'd *Troy*, the poor Remainder fled.
But moſt thy loſs my Friend, moſt that I moan'd,
Thy Faith for all her Perjuries atton'd,
With longing Eyes, we view'd your flying Plain
Still roſe the glowing Breaſt, and ſtill in Vain,
Still Love ſuppreſt all Anger and Diſdain,
While quite behind the riſing Hill ſhe ran,
We left her; but as Men the ſetting Sun,
Which warms them ſtill, and ſtill does from them run,
So ſet our chearing Light, and once our Truſt;
But falſe and failing, as ſhe ſet ſhe Bluſht.
Reſtleſs we many Lawns, and Meadows paſt,
Nought pleas'd the Eye, or Pleaſant to the Taſt,
'Till our Curſt Fate, even with us weary grown,
Grew kind, and ſhew'd a Plain, ſo like thine own,
That thee my *Damon*, ſtill I fancy'd there,
And that but in a Dream, we parted were,
It was the Muſes other ſoft retreat;
As Graceful ſtill, tho not ſo Gaudy ſeat,
As many Tuneful Youths did there reſort,
As many Nobles Grace the learned Court;
Wit for her own, its Proudeſt Palace claim'd,
Three Mighty Princes there Succeſſive Reign'd,
There *Spencer*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, Monarchs ſate,
That now make up the Great Triumvirate;

There

There ſtill the forward Shoots we riſing find,
From the Prolifick Seeds they left behind:
There, Reverend *Cham*, the much lov'd *Cowley*'s Stream,
Fam'd for its ſelf, but much more fam'd for him;
Through the ſtill Willow cuts his ſilent way,
Grave like the learned Heads that by him ſtray;
The peaceful Stream, no noiſie Murmuring makes,
His Neighbouring Muſes for Example takes,
And they in Kindneſs grace the gentle Stream
With eaſie Praiſes, of its flowing Theam:
Not with Proud *Tyber* foams up Golden Ore,
And with Rich Sands, but Barrens all the Shore,
Like Fertile *Nile*, his fatten'd Banks oreflows,
And a much Richer Green, behind it Grows.
Off from the ſpacious Valleys, humble Plain,
The Tuneful Walk, of each Harmonious Swain,
A Pleaſant Hill, unforc't, ſcarce ſeen to riſe,
At once invites, while it deludes your Eyes;
There Faithful *Coridon* his Lambs did Feed,
And kind *Alexis* watcht the Wanton Kid;
Oft the Kind Swains would let their Fleeces ſtray,
And with their ſtragling Stranger ſpend the day.
Show all th' Innocent Treaſure of the Place,
Where the Beſt Thicket, ſweeteſt Hazle was,
Showd all their Treaſure, and preſented too,
The Juicy Blackberrie, the raſhe Sloe,

The

The kinder Herbs, preſt by our ruder Feet,
Officiouſly in mingled odours meet,
You *Damon* know, we oft o're *Hybla* went;
But never *Damon* knew, ſo ſweet a ſcent,
Here courting Nature, labour'd for to pleaſe,
Stretcht out her ſelf, to ſpread Varieties:
Here grew our Flocks lov'd *Thyme*, our *Beeches* ſtood;
All that we uſe, for Phyſick or for Food,
Such as our Old fam'd *Chiron* never knew,
We crop't of all, and as we crop't they grew,
They never dye; but a while doubtful ſtand,
Th' Immortal Harveſt riſes on the Reapers Hand;
'Tis juſt at leaſt, that they ſhould ever live,
Whoſe powerful Vertues Life it ſelf can give,
May mighty *Pan*, kind Swains! be as kind to you,
And what I can't return, the Gods beſtow,
The Gods! that me in fruitful *Eden* plac't,
Only to drive their Exile out at laſt,
The Gods! that thus unkindly force-farewell,
That on its Theam they ſcarce will let me dwell,
And where it would have fixt, (had't pleaſed fate)
The travelling *Muſe* would ſuffer but to bait.
Reſtleſs, like things that to their Center move,
In an unknown, and undefined Love,
We wou'd Altars raiſe to Verſe her unknown God;
But ſtill were Ignorant of his bleſt Abode,

We

We askt of all the Gods, and Nymphs we found
Near ſacred *Iſis*, or *Chams* hallow'd Ground,
We askt where the True God of Verſe might Dwell?
Their Ignorance, or their Malice would not tell.
And can our Spot, *Arcadia*, yield a Stream,
That dares to vye, much le's out-Rival them?
It does, and ſuch an one as does ſurpaſs
All what Earth, or e're in Heaven was;
And ſuch alone, ſuch as our Nobler *Thames*
Can Triumph o'er, thoſe proud inſulting Streams,
Thee our fam'd Bard, doth his Example chuſe,
Thy even Current guides his flowing Muſe;
Yet ne'er did what the Mightieſt Muſe could ſay,
Thy Worth, more boundleſs than her thoughts diſplay,
When all that Tribute's pay'd, no Treaſure's found,
As thou thy ſelf in thine own Ocean drown'd;
Why ſhould O matchleſs Flood! the Common Deep,
Mixt with the meaner Streams, thy Waters keep,
Through the Tumultuous Main unmingled glide,
Like the Fond *Alpheus* following of his Bride:
Here Fate at length thy wandring *Trojan* caſt,
That *Ilium* of Misfortune fixt at laſt:
Here 'twas he found that end of longing thought,
The much lov'd Object he ſo long had ſought:
One Evening as he trac't the winding Flood,
And near the dangerous Tempter Muſing ſtood,

Where

Where had the Amorous Boy, but gazing been,
Tho none of his bewitching Face had ſeen,
Th enamour'd Youth hath been as much undone,
Not to his own, but her Embraces run.
A gentle Breeze, as ſoft a ſound did bring,
Soft as the Notes the tuneful Angels Sing,
With Ear, and Heart poſſeſt, I forward move,
The ſtrong Impulſe of Muſick, and of Love,
When near the Bank, beneath a ſpreading ſhade,
A Place that ſeem'd for ſuch ſoft ſweetneſs made,
Where the paſt Waves their coming Siſters Greet,
In twining Circles one onother meet.
There ſat.——
I'le tell thee *Damon* there I ſaw him ſit,
The Good, the Gay, the Glorious, God of Wit,
His Golden Locks play'd with the wanton *Wind*,
His Bow, and Quiver, careleſs hung behind,
He now had found more dexterous Arts to kill,
The feather'd Arrows yielded to the Quill,
His own ſweet Lays he Sung; while ev'ry ſound
Gave preſent Death, or made Loves deeper *Wound*,
Between his Buskin'd Legs his Harp he held;
The riſing Stream with Expectation ſwell'd,
So did our Breaſt, with the recoiling Flood,
Bay back the Purple Channels of the Blood,

The Buſie Soul, but Eyes, and Ears, could ply;
'Twas task enough, to inform th' Ear, and Eye,
Much there he ſung, and well, and play'd as much
While Raviſht Nature ſmil'd at every touch,
And bid her murmuring Streams to bear a part,
Her tuneful Birds, to imitate his Art,
The cockling waves, crowd in to hear him play,
In preſſing Kiſſes, kiſs their Banks away.
The liſtning Fiſh, in throngings ſhoals appear,
Charm'd with his Song, more mute and ſilent were.
All that e're Savage was about him came,
The *Wolf* ſtood harmleſs by his Prey the Lamb;
Much here did his the *Thracian* Harp outgo,
Then *Men*, and Beaſts were not ſo wild as now.
With greedy Looks I view'd the Object o're,
With Looks of Lovers when they moſt adore,
I ſaw, and quick as nimble Sight there came,
There flaſht within my Breaſt, a riſing Flame,
Or a ſtrange ſomewhat, that I could not Name.
The kind Infection ſeiz'd on every part,
The Fire infus'd, glow'd in the Youthful Heart,
Your unexperienc'd Lad, unus'd to flame,
Scarce Gueſt from whence the kind diſorder came,
Perplext, yet pleas'd, a while he muſing ſtood,
Thought it the common Feavour of the Blood.

For-

Forgive that Impious thought! thou ſacred Head,
'Twas but his Innocence that Error bred.
Streight undeceiv'd, his Soul diſſolv'd in Rhyme,
In mighty Numbers, and in meaſur'd Time.
In grateful Verſe, return'd due thanks to him,
And her Inſpirer, juſtly made her Theam:
If from one ſingle ſight inſpir'd by you!
What will a Friendſhip, and Acquaintance do?
Thus ſtill as to th' Old Prophets Houſe they came,
They all were fir'd with a Prophetick Flame:
That Stemm of *Jeſs*, Fam'd, and Ador'd, by you,
And ſenſeleſs *Saul*, amongſt the Prophets too,
When with the firſt fam'd Seer, thou ſhalt flye,
Wing'd with a fiery Chariot to the Sky,
That bleſt Abode, reſerv'd for Him above,
And ſure the Lot, of Poetry, and Love.
Tell me, O Father! (on the Barren Sand,)
While you march up the Rich, and promis'd Land,
How many gazing Sons, thou'lt labouring ſee,
To catch th' inſpiring Mantle dropt from thee?
Be ſure you leave the long'd for thing below,
Thy ſelf's too much on Heaven to beſtow;
I know, O reverend Bard! 'tis moſt unfit,
Thy youngeſt Pupil in the School of Wit;
Who at his Tutor's Feet, ſhould gladly ſit.

Taught first to Scan, and number out his Verse,
Should in bold Lines his Masters Praise rehearse.
To your learn'd Labours all that's here I owe,
Blame not the Gift, which you your self bestow.
This first Essay your Youth e're Publisht yet,
Flows from the Subjects, not the Author's Wit:
Your Fruitful Harvest watcht as Beggars do,
Of Verse to glean a scattered Ear or two.
You form'd the little Clay, you tun'd his Lays;
Yet your own Work too weak to reach your Praise;
Thy worth not to be reacht, but wrongs thy Name,
And thy high Fancy robs thee of thy Fame.
Then what we cannot reach, thy works shall show,
What none else can, thou for thy self must do.
Thy own reapt *Laurels*, here shall crown thy *Bays*,
I'll only Name them, for to name is Praise.

If your harsh *Maximin* tho writ in spite,
Seem'd soft and sweet, to each longing Appetite,
What then must those too matchless Labours prove?
Which you have writ in Kindness and in Love.

Proud *Spain* had been Victorious long before,
From her old World had forc't the faithless *Moor*.
Yet there her Worthy's dy'd like common Men;
But here they live, with thine immortal Pen.
There Valiant *Arcos*, yields to Time and Rust,
But here he shines much Brighter in the Dust.

What

What ſullen *Critick* can, *Almanzor* blame,
But what will Blaſt Old *Homer*'s ſacred Fame?
His *Hero* ſtands unimitable ſtill,
The higheſt Pattern for the Proudeſt Quill:
Yet neer did thine to ſuch vile Paſſions creep,
The brave *Almanzor*'s never ſeen to Weep.
His peeviſh Greek to his fawning Mother cries,
Till the fond Goddeſs roſe to wipe his Eyes.
If thine's too ſullen, too ſevere expreſt,
That only makes the Character the beſt,
Anger's th' only Vertue in an *Heroes* Breaſt.
If that the humble Muſe, muſt ſtoop to tell,
But ſordid Truth, things meanly poſſible;
Why then's that Greek, ſecur'd from powerful Steel,
All Death-defy'd, but in the fatal Heel?

But as *Spain*'s Victories in her old World won,
For want of you, or dulneſs of her own,
Had all been damn'd to dark Oblivion:
So ſtill her later Conqueſt of the new,
Is only fam'd and æterniz'd by you.
The duſty Victors, rais'd attend thy Stage,
And o're agen their Barbarous Battles Wage.
The ſlaughter'd *Indian*'s Ghoſts agen appear,
Their Actions, Words, Their very thoughts are there.
There the Rich Mines where all their Treaſure lay,
And all the *Indies* grapt within a Play;

Thy Muſe embarqu'd, and toucht upon *Peru*,
Thou much more fam'd *Columbus* of the two,
'Twas loſt, and ſince found out again by you.
Still ſacred Verſe was Worſhipt as Divine,
Each Age ador'd for Goddeſſes the Nine.
But you have made her Truths Divine expreſs,
And fully baffl'd the Schools Emptineſs.
Well may thoſe Champions boldly ſtand their Ground,
When but the Cauſe not Combatants they Wound:
Divine *Polemicks*, tho' their Skill be Great,
With our Lay-Fencers too, can play a Cheat.
He that Defends, but ſeems to doubt his Creed;
And ſharp debates like Thorns wound his Head,
And make agen the Mighty Saviour bleed.
Thou Gift of *Tongues*! O had we ſtill been mute,
We Piety ſhould Practice, not diſpute.
Kind, Reverend *Levi*, let us but believe,
We ask no more, and you no more ſhould give.
Wee'll be attent, wee'll hear you Preach and Pray;
But for God ſake don't diſpute your God away.
Thou Dire Artificer of this Zealous Rage,
Thou Peſt of this, and the preceding Age,
That fought with Sword of Spirit and of Steel,
In ſpilling Souls, and Blood infallible.
To thy curſt Pen we owe theſe Pious Tears,
Religions Wounds, and all the Nations Wars.

Our

Our *Levites* forc't on the defenſive part;
Put by his Thruſts, aim'd at the Churches Heart.
Yet ſtill the bold *Aſſaſſin* did perſiſt,
In's Murder proſper'd once, and once he Miſt.
With *Jewiſh* Worſhip, offer'd all in Blood,
But 'gainſt his laſt attempt our *Sion* ſtood.
With faltering Nerves, yet graſpt his feeble Sword,
And dying fought the Battles of the Lord.
Still more Prophane the Wretch aſſail'd the Muſe,
As if he, all that's ſacred would abuſe.
The Tuneful *Smec*, once left his hungry Broſe,
In *Deggrel* twang'd his *Calvin* through the Noſe.
Well may you reach his *Renegado* Prieſts,
When their dull Maſter aim'd ſo high as this.
But while I thus Religious Truths would tell,
Th' attempt but injures you who ſo don't it well.
While you but teach Religion to the Lay,
The Caſſock, and the Gown, are taught to pray.
Our Pious *Herbert* made it hold to Senſe;
But thy *Divinity* is Eloquence.
With many Heads the Rabble Monſter roſe,
And thought no force its fury could oppoſe.
Lampoon's, dull Libels, Satyrs, Paſquils, Jeſts,
The dangerous Weapons of the Rebel Beaſt.

Your

Your *Baxt--rs*, *Sh--wlls*, *Owens*, *Hunts*, and *Cares*,
For Penitents he Charitably ſpares.
Led forth the Hoſt, well Diſciplin'd for Wars,
Thou and thy *Sheva*, ſoon the Combate choſe,
Soon cruſht them Dead in Loyal Verſe and Proſe.
Ingenious Souls! whom Loyalty inſpir'd,
Beyond what Wit, or Wine, or Woman fir'd.
The ſcribling Fops, ſoon found themſelves out-writ,
And rally'd with more formidable *Wit*:
They fear'd the Common Fate of periſhing Print,
And ſtampt more laſting Treaſon in the Mint:
But *Medal*, *Motto*, *Man*, prov'd all a Cheat,
The Silver like the reſt was Counterfeit:
Yours truly ſhow'd the perfect Traytor's Face,
A Monument more laſting than their Braſs.
These works all other Pens have far out-gon,
Yet you your ſelf, are by your ſelf out-don.
No travelling Muſe, will e're beyond it run,
Verſe fixt her Pillars in thine *Abſolon*.
You o're both *W*orlds the Mighty Conqueror Reign,
Your ſelf's ſubdued, 'twas all that did remain:
*W*ell might the brave *Pellæan* Youth lament,
*W*hen Victory and the *W*orld no further went.
Thy Pen has reapt more *Laurels* than his Sword,
And Fate no further Conqueſt can afford.

The

The *Mantuan Swan* mounts with the *Theban* Quill,
Yet in his lofty flight, ſeems humble ſtill.
In ſuch ſweet Notes doth flying life renew,
As if his lateſt Breath he always drew.
The charmed Soul tho fled he back would bring,
Long may he live, but ſtill as dying Sing.
'Tis here he' has reacht the Mighty Mountains heig ht,
And triumphs in unimitable flight.
Here on its flouriſhing Head he pitying ſits,
The panting, riſing, labouring, croud of Wits.
Long ſtood the fam'd, high *Trophie*, *Cooper's* Hill,
The Muſes left their own, and there would dwell.
Had ſtill o'retop't in Bravery, and Pride,
And dar'd the flight, of all the World beſide.
I ſaw this Glorious Banner you diſplay,
The doubtful *Denham* yield at laſt the day,
While you true Verſes ſtandard bore away.
A Deed ſcarce equall'd by the Royal Pole,
That ſhares in thy great Name, and greater Soul:
When through the meaner croud with ſcorn he flew,
And down the Proudeſt of their Banners drew.
The Shouts of *Europe* Bleſt th' *Important* Day,
You've routed Verſe as Barbarous as they.

Here fix faint Muſe, thy Theam too faſt will flow,
Too great for *Words*, his riſing worth will grow.

Too much of easie Praise, may as much molest,
With all his *Laurels* Crown'd he'd be oppress't.
The *Roman Virgin's* Fate, would be his Lot,
Crusht with the weighty Prizes she had got.
And since the Muse more blunt, much duller grows,
And in thy Praise, her Imperfection shows:
I'll turn her point, and force her on thy Foes,

And first thou *Viper* raise thy Venom'd Head,
My Pen shall reach thee, tho from Justice fled.
Thou who did'st damn thy Monarchs right Divine,
And mad'st it Treason to defend His Line.
Thou who the Prelates side didst falsely chuse,
That with their Name thou might'st the Church abuse;
But still what mov'd thee to Blaspheme the Muse?
In Vain thy Rage, on thee she'll never smile,
And turn thy Pedants, to the Poets Stile:
Not one loose Word does on his Stage appear,
But what the personated Thing must bear,
The worst of Ills can't there be done too well,
Who would plunge in, that saw the draught of Hell?
Who when black Treason's drawn to Life upon't,
Would praise the Traytor, or commend an *H—nt*.
The sullen Sot, makes no Distinction here,
'Twixt the Pure Vice, and naked Character:

Toucht

Toucht with the Sight of his own Factious Face,
The fretting Fool, in ſpight would break the Glaſs.
Can the Wretch Cenſure thy Divineſt rage?
Yet Blaſphemies forgive in every Page,
Of the ranting, roaring, Monſter of the Stage?
His Pious Nameſakes *Tom's* Religious Theam,
Compendium to ſwear by, and Blaſpheme,
The Life, the Soul, of *Devil*, and *Don John*,
Their Doctor ne're deſcrib'd ſo well his *Don*:
While *Popiſh* Rapes, and Murders, acted were,
And all by *Spaniſh* Pilgrims landed here.
'Twas Innocent, his Lewdneſs they forgive,
The Poets Plot too turn'd a Narrative.
Theſe haughty Devils, known but by their Paw,
Think 'tis all Saint, 'till ſtoop, and ſee the Flaw.
So the proud *Juno's* Bird, ſtruts, ſpreads her Train,
Till the black Feet, pull down her Pride again:

Next Rhyming, Rattling *Doeg* ſhould come in;
But that Repentance, muſt attone for Sin:
And the ſevereſt Morals pardon ſtill,
An Ignorance that is Invincible.
He ſcarce deſign'd the Satyrs that he writ,
His Head-ſtrong Muſe, the Jade had got the Bit,
And rattl'd on with neither Fear, or Wit.

He next his Princes, muſt thy Pardon ſue,
To Sovereign Verſe he was a Rebel too:
Let the Relenting Soul but only live,
To learn thou like thy Prince canſt ſoon forgive.

But let thy ſtubborn *Ogg* be ne're forgot,
Whoſe drowſie Verſe lurks deep, as ſtill their Plot
In ſomething's underſtood, in ſomething's not.
He from Wits Empire, and his Princes flew,
Or rather, Wit aſham'd from him withdrew.
Hail Mighty *Gutts*! for Drink the Standard made,
Thou ſwilling Penſioner to the Brewers Trade.
Go with thy Maſters Horſes, feed on Grains,
As theirs thy Maſſy Gutts, as theirs thy Brains.
We envy not thy Greatneſs; ſtill drink on,
'Till two-legg'd Hogſhead ſwell up to a Tun,
And Famous *Heidelberg* it ſelf out-done.
Go then invoke thy rotting Patrons Tap,
Inſtead of Muſe, to vent the flowing ſap.
Thy better Midwife, and with leſſer Pain,
Brings forth both Excrements, of Gutts, and Brain;
You wou'd ſwear to ſee him ſordid Satyr write.
The Poet Rhym'd, but Doctor did indite,
Tom, and his *Titus*, both one Province choſe,
This Raſcals it in Verſe, and that in Proſe.

If

If not to both diſabled, Whore and Fight,
Or any thing wee'll grant him but to write.
Let him ſing well his Dogrells, play them too;
Wee'll give to him, as to the Devil his due.
But who with docile Beaſts would Art diſpute,
The Bear and Fiddle, *Sh—ll* and his Lute.
Such rugged Monſters in a *Smithfield* Booth,
(Where ought to be the Poets Stage in Truth.)
Act, ſhow at every Fair, for uſual price,
And Tuneful *Sh-l-ls* ſeen for Pence a piece.
But as in every kind we ſomething ſee,
Grac't with Perfection in more high Degree.
His frighten'd Dam, ran trembling from her kind,
And left the ſhapeleſs Lump unlickt behind:
The forc't Neglect beyond all natural Care,
Made him the more compleat, and better Bear;
To Dulneſs damn'd, and Faction ſince he fell,
To perfect all the Puniſhment of Hell,
His ſtubborn Error, is incurable.
His ſpungy, ſappy Soul, would yield to thee,
But's body'd up by Trunk of ſturdy Tree.
Your Loyal Pen attempts with fruitleſs ſtroke,
With Spriggs of Bays, for to chaſtiſe an Oak.
Your too keen Satyr, does oblige your Foe,
As harmleſs *Tom*'s, kind dulneſs ſtill does you.

Your

Your *Fleckno*'s kind, (tho' ſtill ſevere enough)
It Arms him Cap-a-pe with Nonſenſe Proof.
He fears no more, of hardend dulneſs full,
He is not, will not, can't be made more dull.

Leave then the Mud, that can't be made more mean,
And praiſe, what can't be prais'd enough, agen;
Search, mighty *Pan*, round all your tuneful Plain,
Try the ſweet Pipe, of each Melodious Swain.
Let the fair *Sylvia* Judg, and kindly prove,
If her dear *Damon*'s Lays ſhe more could love.
Shee'll make her ſelf his Prize, and him her choice,
Her Eyes, her Heart, her Soul too, for his Voice.
In your own rural Eclogue he excells,
'Tis all *Arcadia*, whereſoere he dwells;
Say God of Verſe, Judg of Immortal Wit,
Say, who of all your inſpir'd Men more fit,
To have the higheſt place, and next you ſit?
Speak, envious God, tho he your Rival be,
For if you're Juſt, you'll boldly ſay 'tis he.

Kind Nature! to whoſe Liberal Objects we,
Poor Common Rhymers muſt obliged be;
Her ſelf's oblig'd, and made more natural by thee.
Such genuin Thoughts through all thy Fancy move,
Deſcrib'd by thee, ſhe's with her ſelf in love.

She with thy Muſe doth weep, and with her ſmile,
Pleas'd with thy Treacherous Pen, her ſelf beguile:
The willing Sun lends his Officious ray,
And ſeems more bright when you deſcribe the day,
The tuneful Birds, in Conſort with thee ſing,
Thy' Immortal Verſe makes their Eternal Spring.
If peaceful Nights ſtill *Thean* does Lull thy Head,
Kind humouring Nature, huſhes all to Bed;
Draws to the Life, the ſilent Chambers of the dead.
The drowſie tops of Mountains nod with thee,
And all the ſtubborn Oakes which on them be.
All things ſo cloſely hug themſelves in Night,
As if they fear'd for you, approaching Light.
So the fam'd Artiſt, with ſuch natural Grace,
Fram'd Artful Heavens in his ſphear of Glaſs.
The wandring Planets, their wild Mazes tript,
The fixed Stars their regular Motions kept.
The ſpangling *Orbs* mov'd plain to every ſenſe,
In each you ſaw the very Intelligence.
Through the bright Art, did natural glory ſhine.
And all was Humane ſtill, and all Divine.
The Jealous Gods, to ſee their rivall'd Will,
Mock't, or out-done by Fraile and Humane skill:
Mongſt all his Schemes, for fear he ſhould create,
By Death reſolv'd the doubtful Problem of his Fate.

Fam'd Bards do tell at *Numbers* powerful call,
Th' enliven'd Stones, danc'd to the *Theban* Wall.
That Statues, Stones, of living Beasts could make,
And tamely Savage Nature to forsake:
Of the sweet *Lyre*, that with its charming String,
From Mercilesse Waves, could milder Monsters bring.
So do thy Mighty Lines, and powerful Art,
Such Life, such Soul; to senseless things impart.
Thy Gentle Verse leaves nought in Nature wild,
Even Man the Mightier fiercer Beast is mild.

Doubly secur'd, of never dying Fame,
Eternal in thy Soul, and in thy Name.
Besides that Lectur'd Life of Grave Divines,
Thy Immortality lyes in thy Lines:
But O! for some Immortal Hand that can,
Make thee live too, even in thy outward Man.
Thy Pen, which only could, has drawn thy Mind;
But where for this, shall we a Pencil find?
Fam'd *Vandike's* Dead, and *Lely* is no more,
And Fate for this, has left but one in store.
The Matchless *Ryley* is for this design'd,
For this kind Fates, gave *Ryley* left behind.
See the bold piece, with its own Object strive,
It strives for Verse, and would be more alive.

See all the Muſes drawn within his Face,
Or Features that wou'd all the Muſes Grace.
It grieves me that there any thing ſhould be,
Beſide thy ſelf to give ſuch Life to Thee.
Then only give to him that makes thee live,
What my poor Mortal Pen can never give.
Give him the Life, that triumph o're the Grave,
The Life that *Cowley* to his *Vandike* gave.
Weak Artleſs Hands, can Poſtures, Dreſſes draw;
From their looſe Stroaks, thoſe looſer Figures flow,
Give me that Maſters Hand, that Art Divine,
That ſhows my Face, and ſhows it to be mine.
All that proud *Athens* boaſts, or ſtately *Rome*,
Does from their Poets, or their Painters come.
Here both conſpire to make one Maſter-piece,
The Pride and Shame of *Italy* and *Greece*.
Hail, ſacred Pair, with equal Glory ſhine,
Both like your firſt Originals Divine.
The firſt fam'd Bard deliver'd us the Law,
And *Luke* that Goſpel Penn'd, as well could draw.

Indulge one Labour more, to crown thy Bays,
Pardon the weak attempt of *David's* praiſe:
The Muſe won't deviate much in erring Verſe,
If ſhe with thine, Thy *David's* Praiſe rehearſe.

She take for hers, thee and thy Noblest Theam,
And crown thy *Laurel* with his Diadem.
True Sovereign Wit, Reigns in our Monarchs mind,
And as of Old, the King and Prophets joyn'd.
The bright Cælestial Pair, shee'll proudly sing,
The sweetest Poet, and the mildest King.
Nor should presumptious Lines, prophanely dare,
So high a worth, such humble Verse declare.
Nor should my Numbers cease of you to tell,
Though 'twere for one, you praise; and love so well:
But that to Name him here with you, is praise,
And with you nam'd, he yours will higher raise,
Your Numbers that extoll'd so well his Name,
They reacht almost, what none will e're, his Fame:
And sure thy Muse had reacht in Matchless flight,
Even his, and Heav'ns unapproached height.
Had reacht his praise, above all Mortal Wit,
Had the vast distance not been infinite.
'Twas want of Words, and not thy fancy fail'd,
Weak Language sunk, as rising thought prevailed.
In Vain our Humble Dust does aim so high,
In Vain the Wren would at her Eagle fly:
Yet I inspir'd by you, poor little I,
Beg but the Fate of *Æsop's* Foolish Fly.
While on your Wheel, she proudly rides, she must
Raise sure a little, tho not all the Dust.

Tho

Tho your bright Chariot all the Prize has won,
Has won that race, that none but you can run.
Yet when the *Trojan* Prince set out, we find
The little Boy run panting still behind.
Just so your painful Fool, would follow too,
And somewhat like his Mighty Father do.

O! that my thoughts could rise, but with my Heart,
And to these Lines its glowing heat impart.
To sing his praises in a purer flame.
Then what e're yet from love or fancy came.
Thou Stem of *Jess*, Thou Royal Martyrs Heir,
By Miracles made Heavens chiefest Care.
Thy Birth, not Right alone, was prov'd Divine.
The Gods reveal'd their Will, with wonted sign;
Th' Almighty spake from Heav'n, (*Be thou mine.*)
From *East*, to *West*, thy glorious Birth was fam'd,
Thy Saviour, and thy self one Star proclaim'd.
Our stubborn *Albion*, had her stiff-neck *Jew*,
Who made thee share even in his suffering too.
O're Hell thou triumph'st, with thy conquering God,
Down in the Dust the Serpents Head hast trod.
The curst, the false *Achitophel*, is dead,
The *Viper* nere will raise its bruised Head.
The cunningst Beast of all the spacious Field,
Whose tempting Tongue, more then his Sires beguil'd.

Not only taught the People, Gods to be,
To taſte the Golden Fruit of Majeſty;
But quite cut down the ſacred and forbidden Tree.

Thy Virgin Iſle to her own Rocks was bound,
Quite naked, helpleſs, dangers all around.
Her Fate, the Victim waited every Hour,
The Rebel Monſter, ready to devour.
From you and Heav'n, came the winged aid,
The Monſter vanquiſht, and unbound the Maid.
Be you that Emblem that adorns your Breaſt,
The *Genius* of your Iſle is there expreſt;
But you your ſelf, ſtill repreſent it beſt.
What will thy ſtubborn, ſtiff-neckt *Iſrael* have?
More than a King can give, or Subject crave?
What more can God, or her own *David* do?
Their *Canaan* flows with Milk and Honey too.
With Mercies curſt! Bleſt Judgments Gods beſtow,
From Bliſs we date that *Ilium* of our woe.
The pamper'd *Jeſurums* only fare too well,
Fleſht with Sedition, fatten'd to Rebel.
They loath their *Manna*, and for *Quails* muſt call,
Tho the ſame Judgment once oretook them all.
On our's a Plague, as great Devourer pray'd,
And while the Meat, yet in their Mouths, they dy'd.

A Famine's ſure the Rabble's ſafer food,
The *Cannibals* with Fleſh, ſtill thirſt for Blood:
Tho on bleſt *Canaan's* Soil, ſecurely plac't,
They all the Rich, and promis'd Land poſſeſt:
Corn, Wine, and Oyl, it's plentiful increaſe,
And all diſſolv'd in Luxury, and eaſe.
Still the Curſt Tribes their hungry *Egypt* ſeek,
Their fulſome Fleſh-pots and unſav'ry Leek.
Is then ſo lovely *Ægypts* direful Fate?
That all her Judgments too muſt Plague our State.
And ſhall this Land more Monſtrous Serpents breed?
Muſt *Albion* too, in Purpl'd Rivers bleed?
Muſt all the Muddy-race, the *Toadpool* Train,
Croak in our Royal Pallaces again?
Thoſe firſt Originals of our copyed Prayers,
For modelling Kings the firſt Petitioners:
Kings ſoft, and mild, unknowing to obey,
The *Tyrant* Stork would here but juſtly pray.
Thy Judgments, Mighty *Jove*, moſt juſt forbear,
Avert but what they more deſerve, than fear,
Thy gentle Reign had Baniſht hate and fear.
On Love they ſurfeited, free as their Common Air.
Yet needs would fear, becauſe reſolv'd to hate,
They'd fear thoſe Ills that they themſelves create;
Tyrant, and Slave, thoſe Bugbears of the State.

They

They ſay their Prince too, muſt our Laws obey,
What Fool can fear then Arbitrary ſway?
If that they fear'd he 'gainſt thoſe Laws would go,
Then ſure might thank him, for *Declaring* no;
But nought alaſs, can ſuch vain Fears remove;
Where ſtubborn hate, diſdains all pliant Love:
They thought *Jeruſalem*'s Charter tottering ſtood,
'Till like the Great one too, 'twas ſeal'd in Blood.
For this Hells Agents compaſt Earth, and Sky,
Deep in their Plots, in their Ambition high.
But Heaven their chiefeſt Factor ſent to Hell,
Yet Treaſon ſunk not with *Achitophel*.
As when oppreſſing Fate approaches nigher,
Our Fears, our chiefeſt Courage will require.
In ſuch a State the only Safety's left,
To think our ſelves of hoping it bereft:
So bold Rebellion was the expedient found,
And Murders muſt maintain forc't Treaſons ground:
Too deep engag'd, they ſafely can't retire,
And ſinking hopes, thro' much deſpair riſe higher.
The Dire Artificers now 'gainſt Fate decreed,
Heaven now no more will let her Monarchs bleed:
But quench in their own Blood, thoſe flames they've fed,
With Holy Oyl of an anointed Head.
No more falſe Gloſs, can now black Treaſon paint,
That Devils Paw does ſtill betray the Saint,

No

No more ſhall ſpecious Words your Guilt conceal,
Aſſociate now's in *Engliſh* to Rebel.
That Liberty, that harp't on your harſh Strings,
But clamorous Licenſe for to Murder Kings.
The Royal Heir muſt be from's Vineyard thrown,
Only to make th' Inheritance your own,
And Foreign *Jebuſites*, to Death you doom.
For *David's* Murder, that you plot at home:
No more the murmuring Tribes ſhall keep it low,
But willing Shekels to his Treaſure throw.
No more ungiving *Sanhedrins* repay,
The thankleſs power on them he threw away.
Make their Prince give, till he could give no more,
Then curſedly upbraid his being poor.
To ſuch he ne're could grant enough and Live;
His Life, his Soul, muſt be the Donative:
See *Judah's* Loyal Band comes up from far,
Led on by *David's* moſt auſpicious Star.
That Bright, and Glorious Senate will appear;
That Sun diſpel thoſe Clouds of hate and fear.
With Loyal ſuffrage, ſtrike the Faction dead,
And make the Crown fit ſafe on *David's* Head.
With Law Aſſociate, Loyalty combine,
Not to exclude, but to defend the Line:
They like *Jeruſalem's* Council ſhall repeal,
The Votes of an aſpiring Common-weal.

The

Th' Almigty Nods, The willing Angels come,
Diſtraction, Diſcord; fly their wonted home:
The Heavenly Hoſt again their Requiem ſing,
Peace to the Farth, peace to our Land they bring.
Black Treaſon's cruſht, and Plots ſhall be no more,
Fair *Albion* ſhines, much whiter than before.

In Vain their Treaſon's thought to fly the light,
In vain thy Foes to ſave themſelves by flight:
Heaven both detects, and puniſhes thy Foes,
And dare not truſt thy mercy even to thoſe.
But juſteſt Vengeance *Sheba* ſtill purſu'd,
Sheba the Man of *Belial*, and of blood.
A dangerous Viper, of th' old Serpents breed,
In all but in his cunning did exceed:
As well the perjur'd *Sheba* could Rebel,
Tho not ſo wiſely as *Achitophel*:
More bold in Treaſon, tho in Plots leſs wiſe,
He dar'd to do, what th' other did adviſe:
Th' old Tempter firſt the ſtaggering Youth beguil'd,
But this the Devil that him truly ſpoil'd:
This through the Land the Treaſon Trumpet blew,
To Fops, and Fools, the weaker Pageant ſhew:
With Faction more then Luſt, or Sword command,
With that he Poxt, and Bully'd all the Land:

With

With her Inventions, wanton *Iſrael* whor'd,
But Loyal *Judah* Lov'd her Lawful Lord:
That *Bichri*'s Son, more Harm to *David* wrought,
More harm then e'er by *Abſolon* was ſought.
In Vain for Succour to ſtrong *Abel* fled,
No Walls alaſs! can guard a Traytors head:
Demanded once they ſoon their Elders call,
As ſoon conſent to throw it o're the Wall:
Big with their acted guilt, and guilt to come,
To Plot abroad the Rebels fly their home;
But ſtill in vain they do thy Fall conſpire,
In Vain the Rebels to ſtrange Lands retire:
Since willing Nations their Aſſiſtance lend,
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* thy flying Traytors ſend:
Since *Belgia* thine, not *France*'s pow'r dreads,
And wiſely pays thee Tribute with their Heads.
Well may ſhe Fear the Judg of War and Peace,
Lord of the Land, and Maſter of the Seas.

Thou Faiths Defender, and our Muſes ſhield,
Verſe loſt her Standard, when you loſt the Field.
She ſtill maintain'd her ground, while you, your Cauſe,
But ſunk with you, Religion and the Laws.
It ſuffer'd with that Age, and by its Crimes,
Confus'd, and mangl'd lay in barbarous Rhymes:
By Botching, Butchering *Shd--lls* of the Times.

The Regicides of Sovereign Verſe rul'd all,
Old *Fleckno* Reign'd the Laureat at *White-Hall*:
We exil'd wit and Prince together mourn'd
Till Baniſht both, more glorioufly return'd.
With Strange Surpriſe, to all the wondring Age,
Well temper'd Art, teem'd from diſorder'd Rage:
And Reign'd the Mighty Monarch of the Stage.
With their Old Fury long mad Poets writ,
Till ſolid *Dryden*, Judgment joyn'd to wit.

Forgive, Great Bard, if the leaſt foggy praiſe,
Cloud a clear Fame, that ſhines with brighteſt Rays.
Th' Officious Kindneſs of an Artleſs Friend,
Sometimes will Libel, what it would commend.
I can't debaſe your Fame, or truly raiſe,
Too wiſe to flatter, and too weak to praiſe.
Pardon but once Preſumptious Folly paſt,
And what's my firſt Offence ſhall be the laſt.

F I N I S.